Mr. Nyland: Any of the other engineers.

Ed Luttrop: As the saying goes, Mr. Nyland, you're on the air.

Mr. Nyland: Is that a saying?

Ed Luttrop: Well that's one of them.

Mr. Nyland: That's good.

Ed Luttrop: 42 minutes on the clock.

Mr. Nyland: Is that engineering language? I have nothing to do with it. Tonight I'm a philosopher.

So tonight a meeting. You will not see me now for another two or three weeks. Then I'll be back again, I hope. And also then that I expect certain things. So that there is as a group the possibility of really getting somewhere. The difficulty with a group and discussions is always that you keep on asking certain questions, and which of course in themselves are quite interesting and to some extent, even, they demand an answer. But it does not help you very much then only even if that were possible, enlarging your brain. And who wants really to have a larger brain or more knowledge? There is always the tendency of the accumulation of knowledge and whenever you read a book or you are associated with something that appeals to you, it gives you a feeling of well-being. It gives you in your mind even, sometimes, a feeling of an equilibrium or perhaps even clarity. And imagine that you have now everything clear. And then you ask yourself, now what? I remember when I was a boy and I had finally a room all to myself. We had a fairly large family and with the children as they grew up not everyone could have a room right away. There were too many. But then finally some arrangements were made and I had a room all by myself. There was my bed, that was my chair, I could put up my books, I could decorate the walls any way I wished, within a certain decor of the house as a whole, but it was my den. And one day I went at it and I cut

out all kinds of pictures that I was interested in and I pasted them on the wallpaper and there they were, I still remember, it was a half-circle above my bed. It looked beautiful as if the Sun was coming up. And the pictures had a certain meaning and I enjoyed it and then I was finished and then I remember sitting in my chair and I said, "Now what?" And it was actually I had finished and what was I going to do with it?

I think we have tendencies like that, to fill your mind with beautiful things and then you have to ask, what for? In order to fill the mind again with more beautiful things? And to continue to fill your mind and to have then in your mind, knowledge? And for the purpose of self-satisfaction in the first place and perhaps for the purpose of vanity in the second place. Because then when you are well read and you are considered one of the intelligentsia and you are then at a party, you might even become the life of the party by being able to quote anything from Schopenhauer down to Fiche and Kant and the rest. And then you go home and you say, "Boy, how clever I was." What does it really buy you? What is it really that then you might say, is like a permanent satisfaction? And by permanency, I mean something that stays there and you don't have to worry about it anymore. A permanency is really like a habit, in which the, that what is the habit does not need your intellect to direct it, but is given over, as an adjunct of your body in some way or other, or can become a cliche in your mind and it is ready there and you are a walking encyclopedia. Or you have all the dexterities that are necessary and you become the handy-man around the house and people call on you and ask and you're kind and help them. And every once in a while you have to make a little money of your own but you manage. And that kind of a picture of a person as he then starts to continue to live, and he adds a little more knowledge, he even gets a degree. And then he has to put it to practice and starts to teach, let's say, we assume he teaches. Or let's assume he's artistic and he produces

paintings or plays the piano. And then he has a show, and then he gives a concert, and he has to teach pupils who are a little dumb, but he needs the money. And he keeps on; life continues day after day; he meets someone, marries, children, educational problems, family, house, two cars. Again what? Waiting for his death.

This kind of a question always will come up not only when you are 60, 70 and 80, it comes up already when you become 15, 16. You look around. There is the world, it's your own. They say it's your oyster. You can take, it's your horn of plenty. All you have to do is to be there when it is shaken. You have to catch it.

What are the ideas in your mind? What are the feelings? In your solar plexus, what is it that is you, your self, in your life? What are you going to do with it? What is it today that you accumulate, tomorrow what you use? What for do you wish to live? And then one talks, as I say, philosophically, about the ideas of life, of mankind, of man himself, of oneself personally, in relationships to many other people and doing this and that for your satisfaction, for your own welfare, for satisfaction of your ambitions, with aspirations towards growing further, to become recognized, maybe, or to live a life all by yourself, also satisfying.

Is there really an aim? Because if the aim is of this world only, naturally there is an end, because you will die. And after death that what you have produced, you hope, maybe it will last a little bit. And towards the end of your life you start to think about, how to write a testament. How to leave things for the next generation. How to take care of your children. What do you still want to give them? What is a heritage for them? How do you prepare for that and where are you when they use what you have produced? Is there any sense in believing that perhaps you could remain interested in what you have done? And that maybe from a vantage point of a spiritual world, you may be able to look down and see what is

taking place with all the different things you have started, and what they have led to and to what extent you see it has given satisfaction to someone else. Is it really that what we become more and more interested in, to leave things better than the way we found them at birth?

Or do we play a certain part in this world and is it totally a play? And are we actors, and are we performing in accordance with certain rules? And who has made the rules? Is God the author of such a play of our life? Do we feel that life is of that kind? Do we know that there is something in oneself that you would like to maintain? Of course you protect what you are. You keep on eating, you have certain things to do, you have responsibilities. And then the questions come up about objectivity. And to satisfy your curiosity you want to know. And being young one wants to know everything, and right away. Because one has sometimes a feeling that time is of the essence and one cannot really wait because....why really because? Why is it that one cannot wait? What will happen if I just wait, because the day goes on and tomorrow I hope I will wake up, and the Sun will shine or rain or something will happen and I'll be there. I hope I will remain healthy enough and if I take care of myself in a normal way I really can expect for my life to exist for some time. And so what I don't do today, maybe tomorrow. There is no urgency as yet.

Is there in a man every once in a while, such a hunger that he wants to know what is objectivity? Because if he doesn't know, he doesn't know how to live further, because that is a question so urgent. As if he has to find a solution of why he has to die, because he doesn't want to die and therefore if he knows why, maybe he thinks he can avoid it. Why all this hurry? You're hurried by ordinary life, we're hurried by economic conditions, we're hurried by other people who are put up as an example for us. We're hurried, sometimes, by father and mother and

the family who have an idea about what we should be, and therefore I have to step and walk into the footsteps of my father, when he has a factory, he wants me to be the head. If he is a professor he will tell me, I ought to teach also. If he is a good craftsman he wants me in his workshop. Maybe he wants me in a certain way that I don't want anything like that. And of course I'm forced at such a time to think about myself.

What is it that I really want? Is it that I am satisfied with reading a book and putting it down and back on the shelf and remembering it and recommending it to some people who are my friends, and say you ought to go and buy that book because it's beautiful, you'll enjoy it. And they go ahead and enjoy. And again, what?

What happens to a person when he wakes up every day? That he has to perform the same things as before, or can he add something that is new? Is he sufficiently alive to create for himself each day something that is worthwhile so that his life is not going to be a repetition? And these are very fundamental problems because all of us have to deal with them and it is without any doubt that they have to be solved by ourselves. Because who can you leave it to when you once and for all stand on your own feet, and you have to meet the world as it is and there is no one to hide behind...and your mother's skirt doesn't exist anymore, and your father has given whatever he could and maybe he died. And you don't want to sponge on your friends when you know you have talents. You also know somehow or other that you can use them economically and continue to exist. To eat bread and drink water so that you are healthy, so that you can work for a living, so that you get paid for that day of working, so that, again, you can buy bread and water and drink it and sleep so that the next day you can still go to work and earn $50.00 a week, $100 a week, maybe thousand, who knows, and again...what for?

What is it in man that really a man is caring for? Is it his brain? Is it his feeling? Is it a man as man? Is it his totality? Does he know? Does he know enough about what he is and what he should become? The dissatisfaction which also comes every once in a while, from reading books. That what one sees in other people as an example and a bad example that you don't want to imitate that. And what gives you a right that you will be better?

Of course, when you are young, naturally, you believe everything. You can do, there is no doubt in your mind. The world is ahead of you, so all you have to do is to walk in it, and this and that will happen. You will have friends because you're friendly. You know that you can study and become clever, and you will know then, at least you think so, that people will admire you. You will have satisfaction of your pride, you don't have to bury it. You walk, you even could be conceited. You can hold your head up and say all that I'm interested in is in the stars and the Sun and never mind the cobble stones over which you have to walk, that's nothing. I'm young and I grow up and I wish. The questions that must come up, what you wish for, it implies, of course, a knowledge of what you are, so that you can expect that and not something else. And that you don't get up in the morning wishing for blue sky, which never comes. Or that you stand on the corner waiting for the streetcar and the streetcar is already out of commission, long ago. That you work and work for admiration, and those you deal with have no idea how wonderful you are, and you expect every day to be written up in the newspaper and when it finally does come and maybe in time a little bit of a line telling people that you have died.

Where is your life? What will you do? So when I say we talk about Gurdjieff, ideas, objectivity, work on oneself and then I say

questions...what is there alive? What kind of questions? I have a few, you responded to that, so that there are a few questions, I now know about, and of course we will talk about them and then maybe you will remember that was your question.

When I said about patience, why wish to know everything at once? When I'm young and I have to grow, I know there is time necessary for growth. When the splitting of cells is a process, it takes time. That what is Life is put in a form and when the form has to grow so that the cells dividing themselves gradually take on a certain shape of human body and that then certain cells separate out, in order to become organs, so that the human body can start to live on a certain way and that there are development of such organs more and more to its fuller completion and in the meantime there has to be room. So I grow up a little bit more, so that my head can become a little larger, so that my body can actually have the ability to do some physical work. So that there is room in my heart, or at least in the beginning, in my solar plexus, and that it starts to function in a sufficient number of a variety of different cells all having their own little place in some way. The same way as my mind is not satisfied just to have, let's call it, even thinking, but I have to have some means by which the thought can be expressed in a form, or that it can give me as a result of such a thought, a conversion problem towards becoming active and executing what I've been thinking about. Or maybe I even start to philosophize in a certain way and I want to measure the value of my thoughts, and a relationship towards my feelings and there has to be a thalamus and a hypothalamus and all the different glands that are still there, some atrophied, some still developed. That what is the formulation in the front of the head, it needs words. And I study and I read up and I

find out and I forget and I read again, until finally it's there, and then I'm an author, and then I make construction of sentences with or without any sense in it, or whatever it may be that I wish to be publicized.

What is it that you have as an aim for a human being? Because I'm not talking now any longer about Earth. Earth is just a little bit of something that you call your life as you live it. Don't think that it is all there is to it. Because it's utterly absurd when you think about it, that there is Life on Earth and that that Life will disappear when your body dies, when the body is not Life itself. That is if the cells are there and the body is there and when it dies, where is your Life? Because it was there a moment before you died. And when you die what happens to the last breath? What are the different concepts in your brain, which of course die with you? But what is it that a man wishes to try to continue even in the production of that what he creates, so that when his name is known a little longer than his body happens to represent when it is already buried. Is life connected with the form? Is Life the form? Or is there in the form something that is inseparable from Life? And is Life in me only? And why are there so many people in the world and why do I have dealings of a certain kind with them? And sometimes I distinguish between aliveness and more aliveness. And why is there a process of growth? If certain things can be created, why not create it, just as is and then it is? Why should it grow? What is this idea of growth? Why can't, when a seed is put in the soil, a plant grow up overnight? Why don't I, when I have dreams, or when I happen to think and read about folk tales and all kind of impossible miracles that happen because all of a sudden there is the Prince Charming? Why can't I, as I am, create that now, and why should I have to wait? Why should

I as a man remain dependent on that what I call Time as a bondage for myself? Because if I can feel, if I can think, if I can project that what is not bound and I can think about it. Why isn't it real?

It is very simple because that what is Life in me I cannot take away from me, and I cannot use it in order to fill something that is in my imagination existing and make it alive if I could put Life into it. This is the whole problem. Because as far as the creation of myself is concerned, whenever I am interested in any form of art, that of course, that what I create is a form, I put my Life in, my Soul even. I say I want to communicate something to the rest of the world. I want to have them share with me that what has made me alive. I call it my Life, I give to them. In that kind of creation, I want to give something that is worthwhile of myself, and the best I can give is really my Life as sacrifice for the Life of someone else. If that were necessary, and I love such a person, I can die for the other. But it is for the Life of the other, not for the other. And this is the problem you have to start thinking about when you ask questions about Work. What do you want as an answer? What will it give you as an answer when it is just a little embellishment in your mind and a little bit more clarity, so that perhaps even you can talk about it. But what will it do for you tomorrow, now, what is it that you really wish?...To feed your Life? The question is... What for? When one wishes a motivation for coming to Work, to meetings, to be associated with it, it has nothing to do with other people. I can sacrifice all kinds of things for being with someone and understanding and so forth, but I don't go to a meeting simply because someone else goes. I go for a purpose. If I say I want to find out about this Gurdjieff, what he means and why he is writing about "All and Everything," I'm questioning; is All and Everything in that book? How does he know?

And can I find out even if I believe him? The problem goes much deeper than that. It is not just an appearance at a meeting. It's not just an answer to a question. It goes in, in you, and maybe it stays for a little while and maybe tomorrow morning you already have---who knows---twisted it around in some way or other so that it can fit in what you are, the level of your Being can only contain that much and no more. And when it is satisfied at that level there's no further question. And if I answer any question of yours, what good will it do you when it satisfies you? Why is it sometimes when one says in French, "honeur au plat." It is when you sit and eat and it is then with a meal right there in front of you, and you eat it up, you leave just a little bit. That is the honor of your plate. That is your sacrifice. That is the way you admit that something was helping you and it happened to be some food on a plate, and you honor it, because you want to give something, you don't want everything for yourself.

This is the principle. If I discover Life in me, I must know that there is something in me that wishes to give it. And when it is my Life I wish it to be given to that what continues to live after my physical body dies. This is the principle of work. It is based on the possibility that a man can grow and then can develop something that will remain after his physical death. And linking up all forms of Life from now until Eternity in some kind of a chain in which he remains interested in the development and ultimately the freedom from all forms in order to become for himself Infinity as such without Space without Dimension, without Time, without anything than just a being existing as a concept for him which he calls, every once in a while, in his good moments, a God existing as Endlessness, as Father.

The motivation for Work is for yourself. The motivation is

not to help other people, not in the beginning. The motivation is the satisfaction of a need, exactly the same as when you wish to read a book. It is the satisfaction of a need for your mind to be a little bit filled by enjoying material. Work on yourself means, of course, that that what you wish you haven't got. Or even if you say it is there but I don't see it, or it is there but it is covered, practically it comes to the same question. It isn't there for me. And I prefer to create something that I know doesn't exist as yet because there is a little difference in making something instead of uncovering something and finding it. So I don't believe in that kind of little theory, that things already exist because it is of absolutely no use to me to know that outside of our Solar System there's a lot of Milky Ways and lots of stars. And of course I'm curious because, why is Sirius where it is? Why is Orion coming up? What is the mythology of all the different constellations? What is the meaning of the Zodiac? What is it that there are nebulas, formations of worlds, light years which take such time to reach me? All the different conditions that I can look at with a telescope and imagine the rest and write books, and all these kinds of things, of course, that go into the depths of the Universe. What is it really for me, then, only as a means of developing something that becomes an insight into what I am because if "so above, so below." I am below, I'm not above. And all I can do is to look at that what is in the rest of the Universe and I can even enjoy it, but it's not mine.

What is mine? What is really my own that I can say, "This is really me"? And so when I'm interested in that question I start to study myself a little. And I look at all the knowledge I have as facts. And I know they have been taken in by certain processes which I call sense organs, of which there are five, and I know that has given me

knowledge. I also know that as a result of such knowledge, I've been able to do certain things with my physical body. And that has created also conditions which have been partly lodged in my brain because I can describe them. And I also know that whenever I have done that kind of a Work, something of me was, every once in a while, present and it gave me a feeling of joy and a wish to do it. And simply, I call that a feeling. And so I know that I am as a three, what we simply call, centered man. A kind of unity in which every once in a while all the three motivations wishing for living in myself become part of something that happens to be that I am doing that for a certain purpose. But most of the time it's either one or the other or the third, or perhaps even two, seldom three. I'm not complete enough and I know that. And I know that it's very difficult even at times to force certain centers to be united with another one, when there is an opposing force between one and the other.

The question of the knowledge of myself will take such a long time. And here I expect a miracle. So that overnight I would become Conscious, because I say, "Time is of value to me, I will die." Surely I die, but in the meantime, do I already utilize the time as is given to me for the purpose of the acquisition of that kind of a knowledge, that could become an understanding for me, of my Life?

And if I'm honest I know I don't. I know that every once in a while I'm serious and I honestly wish. But there are so many other kinds of demands on me that I have to do this and that, and I have to study, I have to eat. I have to sleep, I have to talk with people. I have to answer the telephone. Has that anything to do with that kind of a serious question to find out what is the value of my Life? Of course not. Do I already spend my time in such a way as of a hermit sitting in a little bit of a hut and not seeing anything else but the four walls, has to concentrate, meditate, devotedly, and can he do it? Have you ever

looked into the little hut of the hermit, how often he sleeps? You sit in front of a desk when you work and you have to. How often do you really work? That you wish, when it engages you and there is something then, of course, will work out in some way, that it will give you whatever it may be that you can get, will get, a name or money or an ideal that you strive for and you concentrate, sure, but you don't do that all the time. And after you do it you think you need a vacation.

When one talks about the necessity of wanting Work and all questions answered, the question is always, who are you? Why should God, even, answer it? Why should there be for you that kind of a knowledge given on a golden platter without having done anything for it than just your insistance that you ought to know it? Why do you have to know it? What entitles you to knowledge? If you haven't even worked for it and if it is a question of knowledge and cramming things in your mind as facts, are they of any use to you than only, as I said, satisfaction for your brain? And don't you know that the conversion process of a certain fact into an activity does require Time on Earth and that on Earth we are bound by that. That on Earth we as human beings are subject to the Sun and the Earth rotating around it in a certain speed. What are you going to do about the velocity of the Earth when you think that you have to have information right away? Why don't you make the day a little longer? It is just as impossible and, as a matter of face in all seriousness, it's utterly stupid. Not only that you're not entitled to it, but you won't even be able, if you got knowledge, to digest it and to do anything with it.

One says, of course, one has to learn to be patient. And to what extent you will allow yourself to be impatient and what you expect after the period of patience is over and then you say, "I'm entitled to

it." What are the Laws which govern you? What is it in you that can govern yourself? When one says, "I'm unconscious, and I want to be Conscious," in the very fact that I say I'm unconscious it simply means I don't know a damn thing about the Law which makes me unconscious. I want to find out the Law to become Conscious so that then I can see. But then I would be able to control. Can I select out of the material given to me for knowledge that what is right for me? Do I have within myself enough of a balance to know what I must do or not do at a certain time? Do I know how to spend my time or energy? How often do I make mistakes or do I find that I am on a detour and I have to regress again and come back to the same place of origin? How often have I not knowledge enough that even that I cannot make the decision? How often am I in such a state that I just have to let things go?

And then I talk about the need for Consciousness. It will be a long time, that kind of Consciousness. Because the intelligence simply means that you are not able as yet to continue. And that that there is absolutely no reason for you. Who are you compared to others? Each person on this Earth is a little bit of a unit. Nothing else more, nothing else but just a little bit of a speck of dust. When you look at this Earth from the standpoint of the Sun and maybe even a little bit further, what are we? Ants, crawling doing this and that. Do you know which ant is better than another? And when you look at an ants nest they're all crawling around probably all carrying something, coming back for more, bringing it back, putting in the palace. A beehive all kinds of forms of animals, nature, work, human beings crawling in and out of the subway. And what do you think you are? You are just one of them, just a little bit of a cell, which totality of cells of mankind creates a body which is organic kingdom as represented by man, in which as each

man is a cell as a unit belonging to the totality of that form of organic world, in which there are some people who happen to be in an organ or in a position actually to be in that state, something special.

In exactly the same way as when a human body has different organs for sight, organs for hearing, smell, all the different things that are functioning separately as a concentration of certain cells assigned to them certain duties to perform certain things. The rest of the body remains supporting cells for all that what is so-called organs and then we call a personality that what are the functions of the organs and the rest is just a little bit of meat.

Thousands and thousands of people on this Earth are nothing else but supporting cells. And all they do is to convert within themselves matter sent to them, let's say even, from above for the conversion of the maintenance of the earth. And whatever is that the earth requires and whatever happens with the Moon and Anoulious as the place that is on the other side of the Earth compared to the Sun, for the maintenance of that part of the cosmic ray in which the Earth happens to be at that moment. And that that what mankind is doing, Gurdjieff illustrates it you know like a herd of sheep, just sheep for the purpose of mutton and wool. And the good, lovely shepherd, he kills them when they're nice.

How do you know what your life is, and what do you think you are that you believe that you are that kind of talent, that kind of organ on this Earth, who is entitled to immediate knowledge of certain things that can come to you by a miracle, when you intuition is not even sufficiently developed to have certain facts at your disposal, for you to work with...What and how and in what direction? And what even work for, when you don't do anything about work on yourself? Simply the accumulation for a little bit of knowledge. What good will it do you? You must under-

stand that that what is needed for a man, even in an unconscious state, and what he is doing means his development. That even if you cram your mind with all kind of formula, mathematically, that at least the mind is active, it does not mean that you will know immediately how to solve 5 equations when there are five unknowns. It doesn't mean that you know calculus. You don't even know ordinary A plus B, but at least you can have something that keeps your mind active, so that in that process of activity certain things can start to dawn on the mind because it happens to be dynamic and gradually out of that there will be certain configurations of thoughts.

That is the patience because we are given a lifetime on Earth and we have to live it. We are not dying too young, only here and there accidently, or perhaps because the Gods love a person when he dies too young, he has already done what he had to do on Earth. But most of us don't. We just live and we have a certain life span, and we have to fulfill that and that takes time and it is patience that is required to wait for your death.

And so why this hurry? Work! What will take place in Work? What is it when you wish to work that will actually happen to you? It will give you a chance of a development and a development which then, from an objective standpoint, will enable you to see what kind of an ant you are. How you are a crawling little bit of a baby, not as yet being able to stand up, let alone walk. You, with a brain that has an idea that you ought to know! And, as I say, not even being entitled to it, you would be killed with all the knowledge.

Because that what is an over amount of knowledge is poison. Salt is only good in very small doses. Then it gives taste, then you can eat. But if you put too much in it, it kills you. And it is the same with knowledge, when there is such a desire which is completely out of

place. Develop your feeling, develop your body enough. Try to understand it is the relationship that has to be established in order to acquire knowledge for understanding of your own life. That that from the standpoint of objectivity can give you an insight and then a reality of what should be your aspiration towards an aim. And it might then, at times, give you a little bit of an idea of the aim and the purpose of your living as it is now on Earth, and why on Earth, and why even to work, and even then maybe, after some time, you will understand why it is necessary to be patient.

Take your time. But work so that if you can, you shorten as much as you possibly can, that particular period of the acquisition of understanding for yourself and the only way you can do it is by working, and working correctly, so that after a little while you are not afraid that you have gone on the wrong road.

Make sure, first, that you know what is meant by the simplicity of work, and talk about that and not about little questions that you would like to have answered. They're interesting, when you want to know about the Law of Three and the Law of Seven, why don't you know it? Simply because the "Law of Three" is the Law of Noumena. Why don't you know Noumena? You don't see that, you have to experience that. That what is beyond action is Noumena. It is essential, not phenomena, that is the outside world.

First, find out what is the Law of Seven, what is an Octave, what is a process in your Life as you do things. When you try to accomplish a certain project and you start and you have an initial Do, the impetus, the wish to make something, create something, to do something, and then you work in accordance with whatever Laws exist on earth and maybe after sometime you start to realize, that there is a Do, Re, Mi, in which the original Do disappears, gradually, because that energy runs

out. And you come to a point sometimes, not that you are willing to give up, but you don't know how to proceed. You understand, maybe a little bit, about a shock or something that happens as a creation of conditions. You play piano and you try and you try, and for the beginning love it, and you go and you play a little Mozart and maybe a few Beethoven, in time, and then Schumann, maybe Chopin and then you get a feeling of repetition, you try Bach. It doesn't work. Your fingers don't do it. There is not enough technique. Maybe your ear doesn't function well enough. And so there you are, not wishing and wishing and not doing and doing once in a while. Then all of a sudden you go to a concert, and there is someone sitting at a piano. I don't care who you want to take, who it is that really appeals to you as a composer. I hope who really plays, who really can tell you...Cassadasius maybe, and you sit. Or you hear music and you go to the opera and you hear someone sing Der Meister Singers and you hear Hans Sachs. Or you hear Walter and the song, the love song. You go to Tristan and you get broken up because you don't understand that. It hurts you and sometimes the little melody is just too much for you. But it produces one thing: a desire in you. And you say now, now, I play because I know I have an aim. This was Fa and you go because you're in the Sun, Sol, La, Si, almost perfect, everything almost that it could be recorded. You take the Twelfth Sonata of Beethoven or you take whatever you like to play or the Fate Symphony #5 or the Apassionata, and there is always a little bit of a passage somewhere, you cannot and you try and you try, it doesn't work. And you will play it and everything is right except that one, and you keep on and you keep on and it doesn't help. That is Si, Do. That little bit of a percentage in order to make it complete as an octave. And maybe sometimes you have to leave it alone, and sometimes, maybe, like in a book, you want to know what is what, you put it under your pillow and maybe the next day,

or maybe a miracle happens during the next day as a result of such attempts, that all of a sudden there it is, the realization like sometimes has happened in little inventions or insights. Like it happened with (Von Hop) when he discovered for him the Law of Stereo chemistry, like it happened to Newton when he discussed for himself why does an apple fall. Or Kepler with his Laws of the Universe, Laws of attraction. And then that is the octave complete. That is the Law of Seven, 1,4,2, 8,5,7. When one finally reaches such a point in which that becomes for oneself like a unit belonging to all three of your centers, and then when you say "this Earth, Mother Nature, giving me the chance of Understanding a Law of Seven, so that then I can go to the Law of Three."

When I use my knowledge for whatever I have at that time and I say it is a stepping stone so that I can go further, beyond, not just phenomena but real insight into that what I am, myself and I then, I can perhaps understand the Law of Three in some way or other. I'm grateful and I say "thank you, Mother Nature, for helping me." Then I say, "what can I do for you to pay for your gift like I pay to my Father and Mother because they gave me the gift of my Life?" And gradually I find out how to pay, because I don't know it in the beginning. I have to wait until all the different things, you might say, fall in place, when there is a possibility for me to construct something that is worthwhile even as a payment, and that for the time being I just don't want to because I'm so busy in trying to build something and I know I will pay in time.

When little Hassien grows up to be Beelzebub, he pays and maybe then he writes a book about All and Everything to pay for Mother Nature and to pay for his appearance on Earth so that Mother Nature will be saying, "you're all right because I can let you go, because you wish

to work on yourself, you wish to find out what it is to make a soul, and therefore when you do have that as an ambition, I am not keeping you."

You pay with your work and the recognition of Mother Nature seeing you honestly trying to utilize the motivations of yourself for the purposes of further growth. That is the payment. She doesn't exact any more than she can take and not anymore than you are able to give. But when you're a baby, what can you give? Nothing whatsoever. You just have to be fed.

Laws of Three. When? When the curtain opens and the stage is set. And the play begins. That's the Law of Three. You're then entitled to know a little bit about two forces which happen to be enacted on the stage of your Life. For a long time you sit in the audience expecting, hoping, that the curtain will open up and will give you a play that you can actually identify with. Because the play of your Life is going to be enacted on that stage. And you wait for the curtain to be opened and it begins and it begins by showing you sitting in a chair talking to yourself. And there are two hands, left and right and you say, "there is my left hand and my right." "My right hand points to one direction, my left hand to the other, still they are a part of me." Which way do I go? At times I join them and there is no distinction between one or the other. At times they are outstretched, pointing towards the side, sometimes towards heaven, above, sometimes in front of me. I do exercises on the stage. That is my play. And I realize that the two hands do not always join and that every once in a while I consider them opposite to each other, and still there is my body with two arms outstretched and they meet in my body and what do I do? I cannot shake my hands all the time by themselves, because it means I'm not active. But when I work I become active, left and right, both hands

become engaged and they are directed from me as I am, maybe my heart, maybe my head, but never the less, my body executes. And in my body there is then the force to maintain the two arms and hands in the direction in which they have to go to dabble, you might say, with the Earth, and to dabble with heaven.

So that then I call it positive, negative. I say it is the two influences on myself. I walk up the street and there are side streets. I go north. I want to reach infinity and the side streets are number 1,2, 3, up to, I don't know, 212 or 242 and it is Lexington Avenue. I can go left if I want to, that is East. I can go right. I can go the other way, but I walk. And all the time I'm influenced by the desire to take one of the side streets because I don't always want to walk up towards the Lord and I don't always want to go to infinity. But as long as I'm walking I'm under the influence of that what is on my side, left and right and it is my duty to digest both. When I realize the duty, I realize the neutralizing force. I realize that something in me must take place to utilize the energy as represented by either positive and negative so that then, in me, there is a desire to continue to walk, further, north, I say, towards infinity.

The neutralizer is the force which compels me to the level of my being. But I cannot think about such things until something in me is already taking place. And if I prematurely get a little bit of an idea of what is meant by neutralizing and say I'm sure there is flour and there is water and there is fire, and there are the three and first the dough and it is mixed and there is the bread. It has to be made so it goes in the oven and the fire, is the neutralizing force and there is my bread. I can eat.

What meaning has it got for you? I want to create a play or

write a book and I sift my thoughts and I utilize that what is obstructing me. And finally I write the book. Three forces, which is which? And again, as I say, the book is the neutralizing force. What good is it? I say I work and here I am as a human being and there is something that influences me from above and something that drags me down. I say there is an involutionary force which forces me to become part of the involution extending towards the Moon and Anoulious or towards the negative absolute. And there is also a force as represented by a wish to evolve. And I am at the point of Earth. And the realization of the fact that I exist is a crystalization on Earth, that is for me the neutralizing force. I shift equilibrium constantly from one place to another. The forces that affect me in the equilibrium, when it is dynamic, is from the left going to the right and from the right going to the left. And the equilibrium is when they match when a certain number of molecules are changed into another quantity and an equivalent number goes to the other side. That is a chemical reaction. That is also my equilibrium. That is the state in which I am under the influence of one force and another. And the equilibrium is me as the product which is being formed by the chemical reaction. That's the Law of Three. But why talk about it? When I work, when I have within me a wish and I have a body and I apply the wish by means of my mind as a message to my body to become observed and to try to introduce impartiality and simultaniety, that what my body becomes is from personality, an individual. That is the neutralizing force. That is how I grow from one level to the other, because God will recognize an individuality, not my personality. He will recognize Consciousness, not unconsciousness. He will know when I go to the bridge wishing to cross, but he won't come to the bridge unless I go. God becomes, at times, the neutralizer for me.

One can apply the different angles of a triangle whichever way you want to look at it, particularly, when that what is a triangle is equilateral. When one talks about the tetrahedron as an entity of a solidity I can look at it from all sides it's always the same, because all four points are equal.

These are the questions that one thinks about for one's life. Not theoretically, to try to solve them, but in the application of that what I say is needed for me. I said "evolutionary," I want to have a soul and build it. How will I build it...out of what? And the material...do I make it? If I say I create an"I", can I feed it? Who is the cook to feed the "I"? What is the material to use for food? How do I prepare it? Where is my kitchen? Where is my laboratory, in which I work to make things so that then the rest of the world, that is me, can profit by my invention. You think it takes time to do that? You think that a person can live in a moment? You think that a thought needs time or can be a concept immediately available? And the continuation of concepts: what is it, a line, or is it an expansion? And what is the expanding universe? Is it subject to distance?

I wish you would think about your life a little bit more in that sense. I think you will have time to think about it for 2, 3 weeks or so. I think you have a chance to settle certain questions for yourself by reading and by thinking a little bit deeper and by realizing what is really at stake and not necessarily when it is a question of coming to a group, just to come to a group. Either you have hunger, you want to still it, that is, you want to feed yourself, you have thirst, you want to quench it. But when that isn't there you're not alive. You're not alive, on this Earth anymore. You just exist, performing a little bit of this and that in accordance with certain rules of ordinary ethics. It has no particular meaning. It doesn't get you close to God. And God

really won't come, if that has meaning for you...if God has meaning. If the thoughts and the feelings of yourself have a meaning more or less similar to that what are the concepts of God, if you have any idea what is religion for you of that what you believe that your life must be, as a conduct for that what is, right, wrong, what belongs to growth, what belongs to destruction, what belongs to the sun, what belongs to the moon, what belongs to God, what belongs to the devil, what belongs to paradise, what belongs to hell. When one lives in Purgatory, what is right for a Man? If I wish to select, where will I get the knowledge of how to know what to take and then what to take first and then how much to take, now and tomorrow and again and again, so that I don't get fed up and that I can introduce, if I wish, constantly new desires to want to continue so that then my seriousness will turn into the ability to find ways and means.

I need my seriousness, great sincerity. It is a problem to develop a soul. It is not something that you just get, as I said before, out of the blue sky. It won't be given on a platter, not even a golden or a tin platter or a piece of iron, nothing. It's got to be made. It has to be wrested out of the different things with which you are acquainted so that you unravel all the different problems that there are, and that gradually out of that, that the clarity will appear that you know in what direction you can go. There has to be that kind of a compelling force that you must want it. And the reason for that you must settle for yourself. You have to know why you want to know it.

Don't come only to groups when I'm here. When you come to a group you come for yourself. You want to extract from whatever it is that anyone can bring as an atmosphere or a willingness to impart it, or that what is the level that they can represent, good or bad, as it

may be in your eyes, but what the hell is the difference for you. You want to be fed don't you? Where will you get it...sit home? Even if you read "All and Everything," do you think it will help you? At least you can derive stimulus if the people are alive. If they're not alive you have a perfect right to shun this kind of a meeting. But don't wait until I come. There are lots of other people who have an idea about what is work and they do their best to tell and maybe when they are a little off you still can find out what it is for yourself. Only take what you think is right and then live in accordance with it. You don't, almost, need anyone else. You already know enough but you don't work enough, because you don't think it's important that you work.

In the meantime you fill your head full with all kind of nonsense, and nothing goes out and whatever is there is not even used. After a little while you get completely fed up and if you keep on putting more and more in it, someday you'll explode. Try to be awake. That is, when you're awake something comes in to you and something is going out. You become then, in the awakening, a channel through which certain forces will flow. They will not stagnate like too much knowledge in your brain that will finally stagnate so much that it starts to rot.

We talk about life, you know. We talk, when we wish, about the possibility of how can a man grow. We talk about what is needed for him to find out what is his place on Earth, his life in the relationships he has. It doesn't matter if they are good and bad. It doesn't matter if they are smug and luxurious or poor.

A man's soul does not exist. It doesn't matter where a person lives. He may have to work. It does matter how much he thinks he needs it. And when you are too smug you probably won't want it, because you tink you've got it already and of course at times you will find out there is nothing. That's up to you. That is not anything to be decided

by anyone else. That is up to your conscience, the way it is developed, and whatever you consider the value of your conscience. If these kinds of ideas have any particular appeal then you know that there are questions in you which have to be solved in some way or the other. If you wish to live superficially so that it's only like scratching the surface it's quite all right after a little while you disappear anyhow. But if there is something that is a crying need of something that comes up almost every day you say, but there is a question I want to ask. There is a question I have to ask. I don't know it today. Today I know I didn't get an answer today, maybe tomorrow. That is the sign of life, because there is something that makes you, takes your breath away, practically. You hope for something that is really worthwhile. And that kind of anticipation, that should be the motivation for work, nothing else. You live your life at whatever level it is. Maybe you want to bring it up to a higher level. What causes this wish, nobody knows, than only the question, perhaps, of an understanding that there is life in a man. And when that life exists he knows that that life has to be maintained, and, if possible, to be set free. But for that the concept of being bound first has to understood and that of course you won't believe. For all of you, if you wish, every day you read 10 pages in "All and Everything," as a task for the time that I'm away. It will only be a very short time. And if you take 3 or 4 weeks, even, out of your life, what is it?

What is really just a few days like that, 24 days, let's say, out of your life of 365 in each year and perhaps in your lifetime you'll live 50, 60 years. What is it, but for that 24 days, only 10 minutes to be devoted to something that is surely important. It ought to be important for you. It doesn't matter if it's important for me. If you devote 10 minutes to that with an aim to find out if you can understand a little bit,

to see and to get a taste of what is being talked about, to become a little bit familiar with the way it is written and the reason why perhaps there are long sentences. To be affected by it in one way or the other, either in anger or in the realization that there is something that you cannot find, which also might make you angry and which, at times, perhaps at a certain page might give you a little bit of a nugget of gold and then you say it is worthwhile. You may play 18 holes of golf, but if you make one hole in one, the day is made. It is like that with "All and Everything." When you once discover something that is in it and you are amazed, then there is some attitude towards Gurdjieff that you say, "how did he know that that applies to my life?" Maybe at such a time you can be quite grateful that you have come in contact. If you don't want to do anything with it, throw it out, but also don't come back.

You see, the question of yes or no, hot or cold, but not lukewarm. It's a question of essential quality, not superficial. Superficiality has nothing to do with this kind of work. It's got to be deep enough to be able to have a chance to become permanent. And that is the question for you to find out. What is the value of your life? I wish you good luck. I wish you, honestly, that you try to think about it a little bit seriously about what I say, that maybe it can apply, that maybe you will look at me and say, "how God damned conceited he is that he tries to tell me what I should read and how and why." And even that it will run off like water off a duck. Because, honestly, I don't care. But if you care for yourself you will understand why I can allow myself the privilege of not caring.

Good Night, everybody.